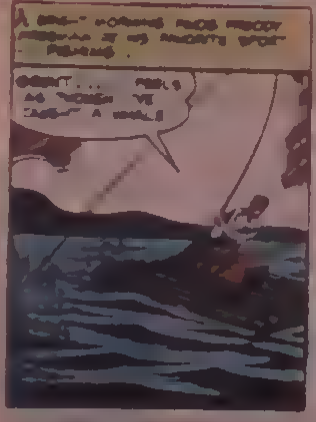
10¢ NO. 132 FEB.
MASTER COMICS
TOM MIX
IN THIS ISSUE THRILL JAMMED STORIES STARRING
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
TOM MIX AND NYOKA, THE JUNGLE GIRL
EXTRA! FOR LAUGHS, THE WHACKIEST TEENAGER OF THEM ALL, OZZIE!

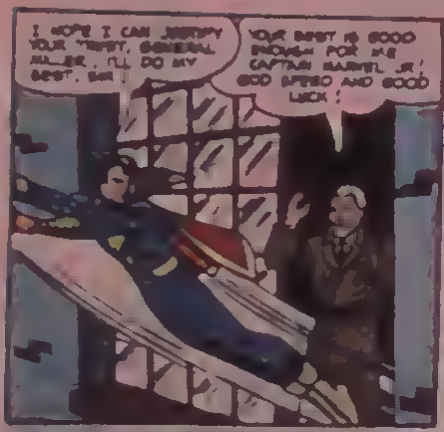
DIZZY DAISY
"BATHING BEAUTY"
THIS IS A VERY NICE BATHING SUIT! I THINK I'LL BUY IT! BUT I'D LIKE TO TRY IT ON FIRST!
CERTAINLY MISS! THE DRESSING ROOM IS IN THE REAR!
AN HOUR LATER ---
GOSH! THAT GIRL WENT INSIDE TO TRY ON THAT BATHING SUIT AN HOUR AGO AND SHE HASN'T COME OUT YET!
I'M AFRAID SOMETHING MAY HAVE HAPPENED TO HER! I'D BETTER GO SEE!
DRESSING ROOM
(GASP) WHAT IN THE WORLD!
IT'S ALL RIGHT!
SWIM SUITS
GASP!
I'M JUST TRYING TO SEE HOW THIS BATHING SUIT WILL FIT WHEN I'M LYING ON THE SAND!

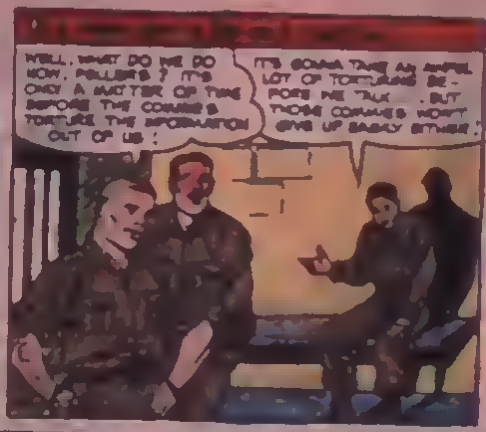
MASTER COMICS

Capt. Marvel Jr.
and
THE MOLE FROM MYSTERIO
OUT OF THE RIVER CAME A MESSAGE THAT SPELLED DOOM TO A CONTINGENT OF INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS IN KOREA
RA
ER-TA-TAT
BANG



I WONDER HOW IT EVER GOT HERE?.. THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE!
RATTLE RATTLE!
HOLY MOLEY! IT CONTAINS SEVERAL ROLLS OF PAPER; THERE SEEMS TO BE WRITING ON IT.
IT'S A MAP OF NORTH KOREA WITH SYMBOLS ALL OVER IT! BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT MAY MEAN ABSOLUTELY NOTHING... BUT THEN AGAIN IT MAY BE VERY IMPORTANT! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT... AND THAT'S TO TAKE IT TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT..... CAPTAIN MARVEL!
WHEN THE CRIPPLED NEWSBOY, FREDDY FREEMAN, SHOUTS THE MAGIC WORDS THERE IS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING AND A CLAP OF THUNDER..
KABOOM!
NEXT STOP WASHINGTON D.C.!
BUT HOW DID THEY EVER REACH THIS COUNTRY GENERAL MILLER?
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT - CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. THESE MAPS ARE MOST IMPORTANT. OUR ACE TEAM OF INTELLIGENCE ON THEM.
EVER SINCE THEY WERE PARACHUTED INTO NORTH KOREA WE LOST CONTACT WITH THEM. THEY PROBABLY GOT THE INFORMATION THEY WANTED AND THEN WERE CAPTURED! SOMEHOW THEY MANAGED TO SMUGGLE THEIR INFORMATION INTO THIS CANTEEN AND DROPPED IT INTO THE WATER!
BUT IN ORDER TO INTERPRET THESE MAPS WE'D NEED THEM. HOW DO WE GO ABOUT FINDING WHERE THEY ARE?
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO'S CAPABLE OF THAT..... AND THAT'S YOU!

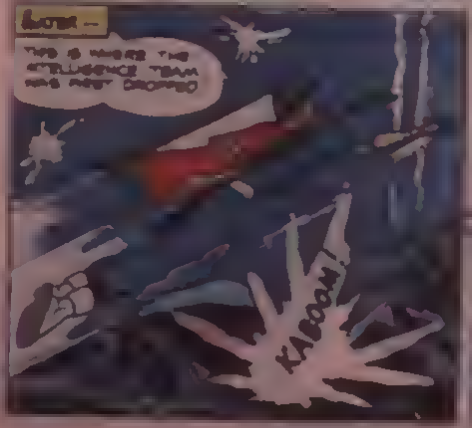

I HOPE I CAN JUSTIFY YOUR TRUST, GENERAL FULLER. I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!
YOUR BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. GOD SPEED AND GOOD LUCK!


WELL, WHAT DO WE DO NOW, FULLER? IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE COMMIE'S TORTURE THE INFORMATION OUT OF US!
IT'S GONNA TAKE AN AWFUL LOT OF TORTURING BEFORE ME TALK... BUT THOSE COMMIES WON'T GIVE UP EASILY EITHER!

HOW'S THE GAME IN THE CANTEEN AND THROWING IT INTO THE MATTER WAS ONE WAY OF KEEPING THIS GUY FROM THE BARMY!
THE TROUBLE IS THEY KNOW WE'VE BRAINWASHED ALL THE INFORMATION! THEY'LL WORK ON US UNTIL WE CRACK AND GIVE IT TO THEM!

CHINESE YOUR BEFORE YET!
SORRY SKY AND TELL YOU SORRY WE'LL BOT BEFORE WE BRAINS!

VERY WELL! WE SOON SEE!


LATER --
THIS IS WHERE THE INTELLIGENCE TEAM WAS FIRST DROPPED
KABOOM!

I'VE HEAD FURTHER INTO NORTH KOREAN TERRITORY, IF THEY WERE CAPTURED THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE PROBABLY BEING HELD

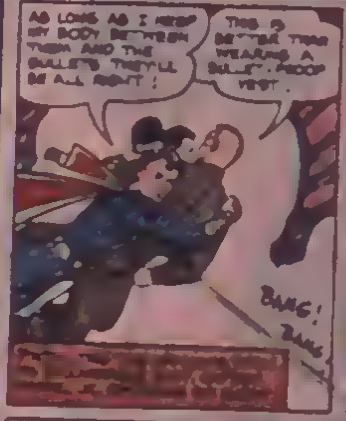
...OOH... DEADLY FLAME!
NO....NOT UNITED NATIONS FLAME...
RATTER-TAT-TAT!
...IT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.! SAME BULLETS...A WASTE TO SHOOT AT HIM
PERHAPS AROUND THIS WAY IS GOING TO ATTRACT THE ENEMIES ATTENTION AND IT WON'T GET ME TO OUR INTELLIGENCE MEN. THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY ARE IS TO GET CAPTURED.
AND IF I'M GOING TO DO THAT I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE IDENTITIES ...SO.... CAPTAIN MARVEL!
BOOOM!
...OOH...FOREIGN BOY...QUICK...GRAB HIM.
POW!
IT'S WORKING OUT JUST AS I HOPED IT WOULD.
LIKE ALL ENEMY COMMANDOS HE HAS FIGHT WHEN CAPTURED.
BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE HE'S NO FIGHT I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.
OOOF'H.
SONK
WE FIND HIM WALKING AROUND! ANYTHING ELSE? WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?
HE'S ONLY A BOY PERHAPS HE MAY BE OF USE TO OUR CAUSE GIVE HIM A LITTLE TIME TO THINK.

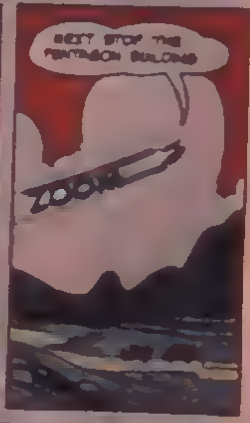
I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL USE HIM TO MAKE THE PRISONERS TALK: THEY ARE STUBBORN AGAIN'S WHEN THEY'RE TORTURED BUT ARE SOFT FOOLS WHEN THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE SUFFER.
BAM!
THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF HARRY A STRAPPED TO A STRETCHING RACK IN A NEARBY TORTURE CHAMBER.
SON WITH CLOSELY GENTLEMAN AND LISTEN TO THE YOUNG ONE SCREAM WITH PAIN: IT SHOULD BE MUSIC TO YOUR EARS!
DON'T BE BARBARIC GENTLEMEN!...THIS TIME I WON'T HURT YOU!...AS FOR THIS BOY!
THE RECOVERING FROM HARRY'S FRIEDDY HUMAN TO A CONSCIOUS STATE.
OWWWW! THE STRETCHING RACK!.... CAPTAIN MARVEL!
BOOM!
BROTHER, I WAS NEVER AS GLAD TO SEE ANYONE IN MY WHOLE LIFE!
GULP!.... (CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!
BLAM!
THAT PUNISHES YOU FATTY!

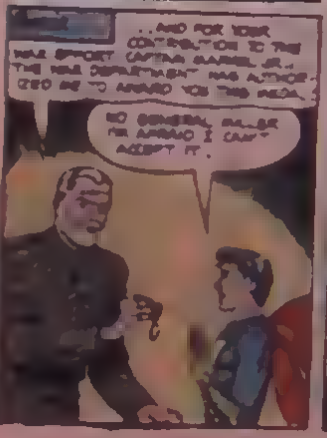
WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE FAST!
THIS IS THE FASTEST EXPRESS I HAVE EVER BEEN ON!

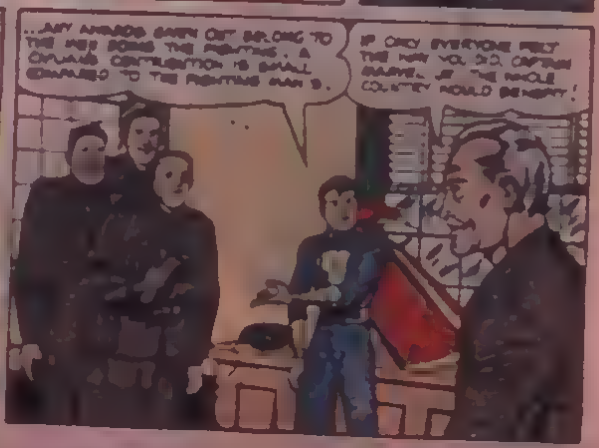
LOOK ... AMERICAN MP ELLSWORTH JONES ESCAPING ... GULP! POINT!

CAN'T KILL CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.. BUT CAN KILL OTHERS! SHOOT!
BANG!


AS LONG AS I KEEP MY BODY BETWEEN THEM AND THE BULLETS THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
THIS IS BETTER THAN WEARING A BULLET-PROOF VEST.
BANG!
BANG!


NEXT STOP THE PENTAGON BUILDING
ZOOM


... AND FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAR EFFORT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR., THE WAR DEPARTMENT HAS AUTHORIZED ME TO AWARD YOU THIS MEDAL.
NO GENERAL, SALUTE I'M AFRAID I CAN'T ACCEPT IT.


... ANY AWARDS GIVEN OUT BELONG TO THE MEN DOING THE FIGHTING. A CIVILIAN CONTRIBUTION IS SMALL COMPARED TO THE FIGHTING MAN'S.
IF ONLY EVERYONE FELT THE WAY YOU DO, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. THE WHOLE COUNTRY WOULD BE MIGHTY!

muscle hedd
SAY, MUSCLE HEAD, WHAT WAS ALL THAT NOISE GOING ON IN YOUR ROOM LAST NIGHT?
OH, I WAS HAVING A LITTLE WITH MY ROOMMATE!
YOU WERE HAVING A FIGHT WITH YOUR ROOMMATE?
THAT'S RIGHT!
WHY DID YOU HAVE IT WITH HIM IN THE NUDE?
OH, HE CAME CRAWLING TO ME ON HIS KNEES!
WHAT? HE CAME CRAWLING TO YOU ON HIS KNEES? WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID—
– I CAME ON OUT FROM UNDER THAT BED, YOU COWARD!
!!!
HUH?
GASP!

OZZIE in THE DIRTY WHITE LIE
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING DRESSED UP LIKE THAT---TO A MASQUERADE?
NO, POP. I'VE JUST BEEN [illegible] THE HONOR OF BEING INVITED TO JOIN THE [illegible] WASHINGTON HONOR CLUB. I THOUGHT I'D MAKE A BETTER IMPRESSION ON THE COMMITTEE IF I SHOWED UP DRESSED LIKE THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF OUR COUNTRY.
IF YOU SHOW UP LIKE THAT, THE OTHER MEMBERS ARE GOING TO WISH THEY'D GIVEN WASHINGTON WAS CHOPPED YOU DOWN INSTEAD OF THE CHERRY TREE! NOW TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO EAT? YOUR MOTHER IS STILL AWAY SO I CAME BACK FROM A VERY IMPORTANT MEETING TO COOK DINNER FOR YOU!
HOW ABOUT YOUR SPECIALTY, POP, FLAPJACKS?
BUT THAT'S A BREAKFAST MEAL, OZZIE!
SO WHAT? MY STOMACH CAN'T TELL TIME!

OKAY, IF YOU WANT FLAPJACKS, IT'LL BE FLAPJACKS!
GOOD! BY THE TIME YOU GET THE FLAPJACKS FLIPPED, I'LL BE BACK! I HAVE TO RUSH OVER TO THE GEORGE WASHINGTON CLUB NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT MY INITIATION IS GOING TO BE!
FEW MINUTES LATER...
SINCE YOU WENT TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF BEATING A GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIFORM, OZZIE, IT PROVES YOU TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BEING A MEMBER VERY SERIOUSLY!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND SINCE, ONCE YOU ARE SWORN IN AS A MEMBER, WE CAN'T TELL ANOTHER LIE, WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU YOUR LAST CHANCE TO DO SO!
YOUR INITIATION WILL BE THAT YOU CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, AND NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS YOU CAN'T TELL ANYONE THAT YOU CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH!
GEORGE WASHINGTON
BONG
THAT SHOULD BE EASY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
HOW BOW-FORGET-OZZIE, IF YOU TELL THE TRUTH ONLY ONCE DURING THE NEXT TWO HOURS, YOU'LL NOT BE ACCEPTED IN THE CLUB!
DON'T WORRY, I WON'T FORGET! NOW I'M GOING HOME AND EAT MY [illegible] FOOD -- FLAPJACKS!
YOU GOT BACK JUST IN TIME. ARE YOU STILL HUNGRY?
(GULP!) IF I TELL THE TRUTH I WON'T BE ACCEPTED INTO THE CLUB!
EH, EH, NO POP, I'M NOT HUNGRY ANY LONGER!
WHAT!!!
AS FOR YOU MAYOR WE WASTE ALL THIS TIME LISTENING TO HIM, I'M GOING BACK TO THE [illegible]
WHAM!

WAIT! I ALMOST FORGOT SOMETHING!
FLAPJACKS ARE NOT GOOD WITHOUT THE SYRUP
SLURP!
GEE, I'M REALLY STARVING, BUT ONCE PEP ASKED ME WHETHER I WAS STILL HUNGRY, I COULDN'T TELL THE TRUTH! NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I HAVE TO GET SOME FOOD SOMEWHERE AND I'M BROKE!
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL GO OVER TO BABS' HOUSE! SHE SAID ANY TIME I WANTED TO DROP IN FOR DINNER I'D BE WELCOME. I'LL JUST WALK IN ON THEM AND SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE AND START EATING!
AT THE FORESTERS...
HELLO, OZZIE!
HELLO, MRS. FORESTER. HI, BABS!
HELLO, OZZIE. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HAVE DINNER WITH US! WOULD YOU LIKE TO?
(GULP!) WHY DID THEY HAVE TO ASK ME? NOW I'LL HAVE TO SAY—
NO!
GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD, OZZIE. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LUSCIOUS STEAK DINNER!
THAT'S RIGHT, OZZIE! I MADE IT SPECIALLY FOR MR. FORESTER! STEAK IS HIS FAVORITE DISH!
OH! I STUCK AROUND AND WATCHED THEM EAT THAT STEAK DINNER, I'D FIGHT WITH HUNGER! I'D BETTER LEAVE!
SO LONG, FOLKS! SEE YOU LATER!

HELLO, OZZIE!
HELLO, MR. FORRESTER!
3:22
HAS MY WIFE COME BACK FROM HER BRIDGE GAME YET, OZZIE?
(GULP!) I ALMOST SAID YES BUT I HAVE TO STICK BY THE RULES OF THE CLUB! SO I'D BETTER SAY—
—NO!
DRAT IT! THAT'S HAPPENED THREE TIMES THIS WEEK! NOW I'LL HAVE TO SIT IN THE CORNER DEMERIT AGAIN!
MR. FORRESTER'S CLUB SEEMS TO BE ABOUT THE ONLY PLACE OUT THAT MR. FORRESTER DOESN'T REALLY MIND! BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT— I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH THE SITUATION!
I GUESS I BETTER GO HOME AND STAY THERE UNTIL THE TWO HOURS ARE UP! HAVING TO TELL EVERYONE A LIE IS GOING TO GET ME INTO TOO MUCH TROUBLE!
HEY, BILL, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE — GEORGE WASHINGTON!
WE BETTER CATCH UP TO HIM AND ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS!
MARSHFIELD HOSPITAL INSTITUTE
EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE — GEORGE WASHINGTON?
I DON'T REALLY THINK SO, BUT I'VE GOT TO LIE SO I BETTER SAY—
—YES!
MY! MY! DO YOU OFTEN THINK YOU'RE GEORGE WASHINGTON?
ER, ER— YES.

I CERTAINLY AM!
HOLD THAT NEW! WE BETTER TAKE HIM BACK TO THE INSTITUTE AND HAVE DR PSYCHO QUESTION HIM!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I'M AFRAID WE UNDERSTAND YOU WELL.
THE INMATES OF MENTAL INSTITUTE...
YOU CAN RELAX, SON. NOW ISN'T IT A FACT THAT YOUR NAME IS OTTO "LUMMOX"?
ER, ER, ER—NO!
THIS IS MIGHTY SAD, BUT I'VE SEEN THE BOY AROUND TOWN AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE'D FLIP HIS LID ONE DAY!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DR PSYCHO!
DON'T INTERRUPT, SON. JUST ANSWER MY QUESTIONS AND THE DOC'LL BOND!
ER—ER—NO.
TELL ME, HOW MANY FINGERS AM I HOLDING UP?
ER—ER—FOUR.
DOES THIS BOTHER YOUR EYES
ER, ER, NOT NOW!

CRASH!

OTTIE!
WHAT?! I NEVER HEARD OF A YOUNG BOY GOING CRAZY—UNLESS HE WAS DRIVEN CRAZY BY HIS PARENTS!
AND TO THINK I ALMOST APPOINTED YOU CHAIRMAN OF MARBLEVIEW'S BOYS' DAY AWAY! AN EXAMPLE THAT'D BE!— HOW TO DRIVE YOUNG CHILDREN CRAZY! OUT OF MY WAY!
BUT—
WHAT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON OTTIE!
THERE HE IS!
TERRIBLE! AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!

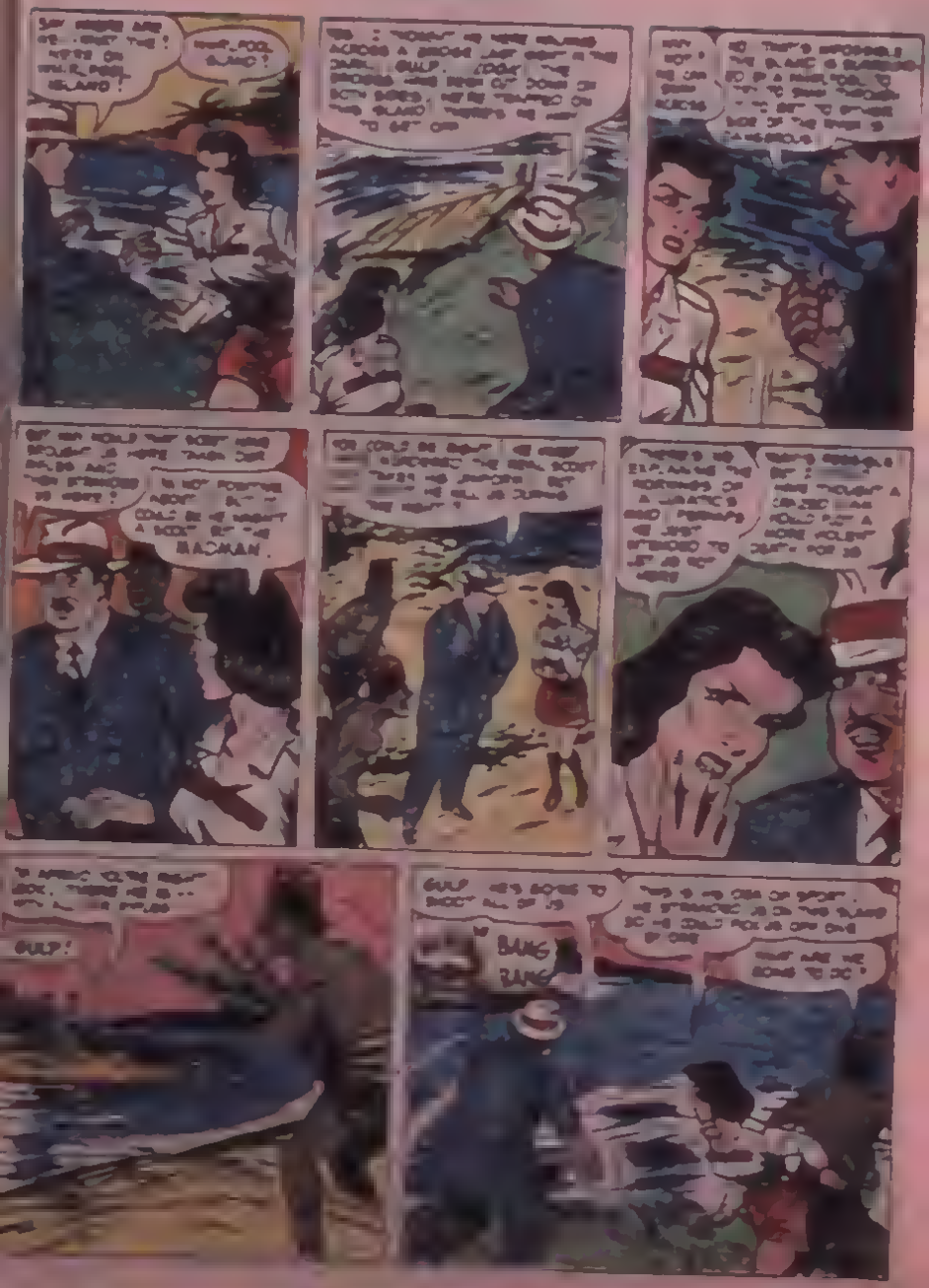
COLLEGE BOY BAXTER
GOSH BAXTER, WHAT ARE YOU DO ING ABOUT?
I JUST LOST A GOOD TOP-COAT!
WHAT! YOU LOST A GOOD TOPCOAT, TSK, TSK.
I DIDN'T LEAVE IT ANYWHERE
AH? THEN HOW DID YOU LOSE IT?
MY OLD ROOMMATE RECOGNIZED IT!
!!?

QUIZ
ANSWERS:

NYOKA the JUNGLE GIRL in WHIRLPOOL ISLAND

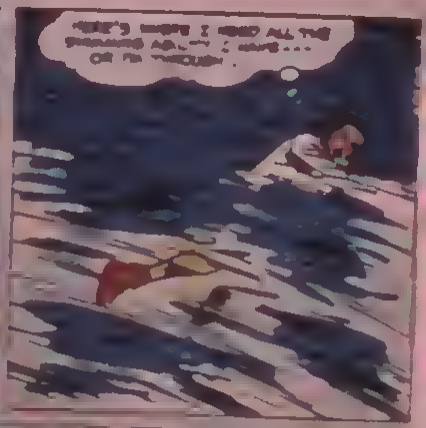
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ON THIS VILLAGE IS CROWDED WITH NATIVES FROM THE JUNGLE AND LOOK AT HIM, THE TOUGHEST LAD OF THE LOT, HE SEEMS TO HAVE GOT MANY A HEDGE AS SOON AS I LAND

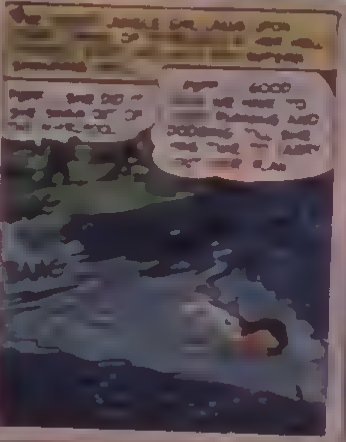
WHISH!

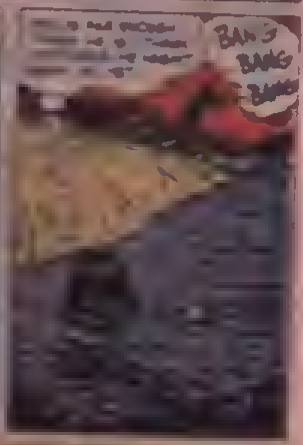

BANG BANG
GULP!

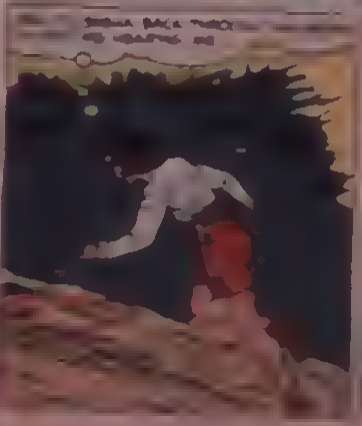
HA! HA!
CHECKIN' ALL OF YOU... FALL TO THE GROUND!
BANG BANG BANG
BANG BANG

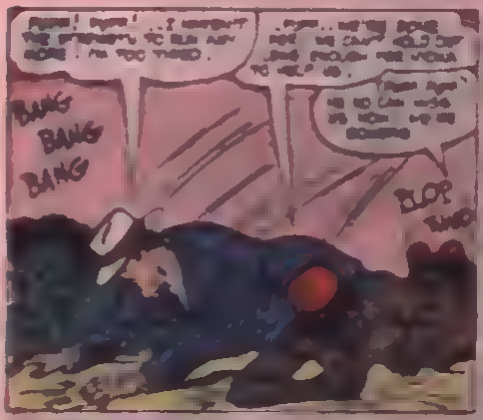
BANG

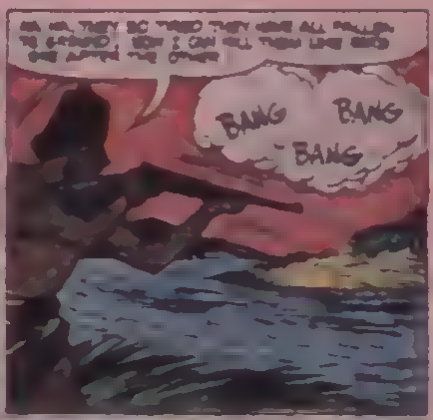



BANG


BANG
BANG
BANG



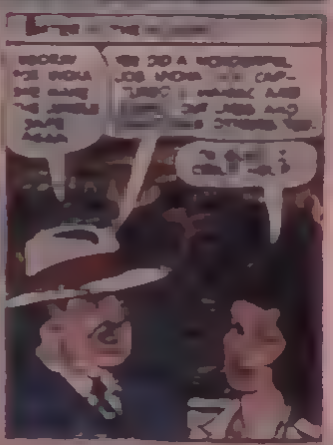

BANG
BANG
BANG
BLOP


BANG
BANG
BANG

NICOLA! SAM DID IT! HE'S SAVED!
WHAM!
OOF!

I'LL TAKE THIS GIRL!

BOSS
NICOLA!



DEATH RAY GUN

A Vacuum Bloobstutter Story

By Walter Farmer

RED, the woodpecker flew up to the closed window perched on the sill and rapped on the pane. Vacuum Bloobstutter got up from his desk, walked over to the window and opened it.

"Hello, Red. Come in," he said.

The bird hopped in and stood on the edge of a file cabinet. He said to the inventor, "I came by to see if you wanted to take some magic brooms and fly over the city park with me. There's a game today and some of the boys will be there for nothing."

Bloobstutter glanced at the magic broomsticks that stood against the wall behind his desk. "I'm sure they would. But I've got too much work to do. There's a real big problem I'm working on now and I don't know how to solve it."

Mr. Bloobstutter was managing director of the United Home Manufacturing Co. and he had to invent some new gadgets problems in the home. He owned a book on magic brooms and an airplane so he went to woodpeckers' Senate meetings sometimes. His inventions helped them out a lot.

"Tell me about your problem, Pops," said the woodpecker. "Maybe I can help you. After all, my ancestors have been inventing things since long before you were born."

Bloobstutter looked at the bird a minute and then said, "I'll tell you. Red. Do you remember the Egg Laying Contest I had here a few years ago?"

The bird nodded. He remembered it very well. He made the moves to those things that are all the good ones do—the pitching one.

"I can see it is a good memory," Red said. "But what good is that?"

"Well, you see, I have invented a new kind of egg laying contest. I have a hen that lays eggs that are worth money. Each egg she lays is worth a dollar. I have her in a cage in the basement. I'll show her to you."

Bloobstutter hemmed and hawed a bit before answering. Finally he said the story. "A famous inventor came to see me one day. I could tell he was famous because he told me about some of his inventions. He invented television and color pictures and salted peanuts and he had some to prove it. His name was Cracktop Gearpatent."

Red nodded and pecked his beak toward the cylinder. "And what was the thing supposed to be?"

"Greatest invention of all time. Ah, Red. An airplane engine."

"Huh?"

"You see, a cigar smoker could buy one of these and then he'd never have to buy another cigar again. He could put the engine in his mouth and smoke it that way. Like a pipe."

"Well—"

"Mr. Cracktop became famous for his invention and got rich on it. A few years later he died and left the world a good thing wrapped up in paper."

"Sad," Red agreed. "But what has that got to do with your egg laying contest?"

"I got an idea. I'll build a—a wooden stock on those eggs and a—eggs and sell them into guns."

"Guns? Peaceful woodpeckers? Ain't you up to peaceful woodpeckers with Navy?"

"I don't mean those guns. I mean other guns. Not guns."

"What other guns?"

"There's every worse."

Red said, "Oh, the [illegible] about the guns. All the newsboys are selling about a million of you [illegible] cigars. Very good [illegible]

in the good judgment of Red, the woodpecker. He issued orders and soon the hole-making factory was re-tooled to turn aluminum cigars into toy ray guns. When he had a goodly supply in the warehouse, Bloob wrote out an ad for the morning paper, like this.

BIG SALE

Genuine Atomic Death Ray Guns

Guaranteed Harmless

Unfortunately, an apprentice printer was setting up the type for the ad in the paper. Because he was short of space, he left out the bottom line.

When the ad came out, it attracted the immediate attention of Robby, the Robber. He read it with a pleased smile. He turned to his tough henchmen and said, "Boys, come with me. We're going out to the United States Hole-Making plant and steal their entire supply of Genuine Atomic Death Ray Guns. Then we will rule the upperworld as well as the underworld."

Using such gangster argot as "Woo!" and "Golly whiz!" the henchmen all piled into their black, high-powered, bullet-proof cars and headed for the United States Hole-Making Co. It was late midnight when they reached there and all the workers had gone home except Vacuum Bloobstutter who had agreed to substitute for the regular night watchman so the latter could participate in a checkers championship match. The woodpecker was keeping Bloob company. Man and bird were having a fine chat about the great improvement in dough-nuts since grandma's day when they were started by the crank of a window pane.

Robby the Robber stopped through the window followed by his vicious henchmen. Robby held a loaded [illegible] in his hand. He pointed it at Bloob, who was now [illegible] to the floor. The woodpecker broke away across the room, but in a flash he was bound and gagged and then he was [illegible] in yellow tape.

The [illegible] and his [illegible] went to work [illegible] the packing cases labeled "[illegible] Atomic Death Ray Guns." They broke open [illegible] and took out the Ray [illegible]

automatics to the floor. "We won't need those ancient weapons any more," chuckled Robby.

"Should we rub out this here watchman?" asked a henchman.

"Nah!" snorted Robby. "He's only a watchman and not worth wasting a ray on. But eventually we'll get the brainy head of the company, a fellow named Vacuum Bloobstutter, so he can't make any more of these ray guns!"

Bloobstutter shivered.

"But [illegible]," continued Robby, "we want to wipe out the whole enemy camp. Come on, gang!"

After the robbers had gone [illegible] the window, Red, the woodpecker, flitted over to Bloobstutter and began pecking away at the gag [illegible] his sharp beak. Soon he was able to tear the gag loose. Then he [illegible] the ropes. As soon as he was free to speak Bloob warned [illegible]

[illegible] boom, great my [illegible]
And do not [illegible]
Put [illegible] these robbers

Bloobstutter [illegible] his hands together and said, "Why, that's [illegible]!"

Maybe you ought to call [illegible] and see if your wrath [illegible] decoyed the woodpecker."

Bloob got the [illegible] and he asked, "Are Robby the Robber and his [illegible] in jail?" he asked.

"[illegible] more are [illegible]

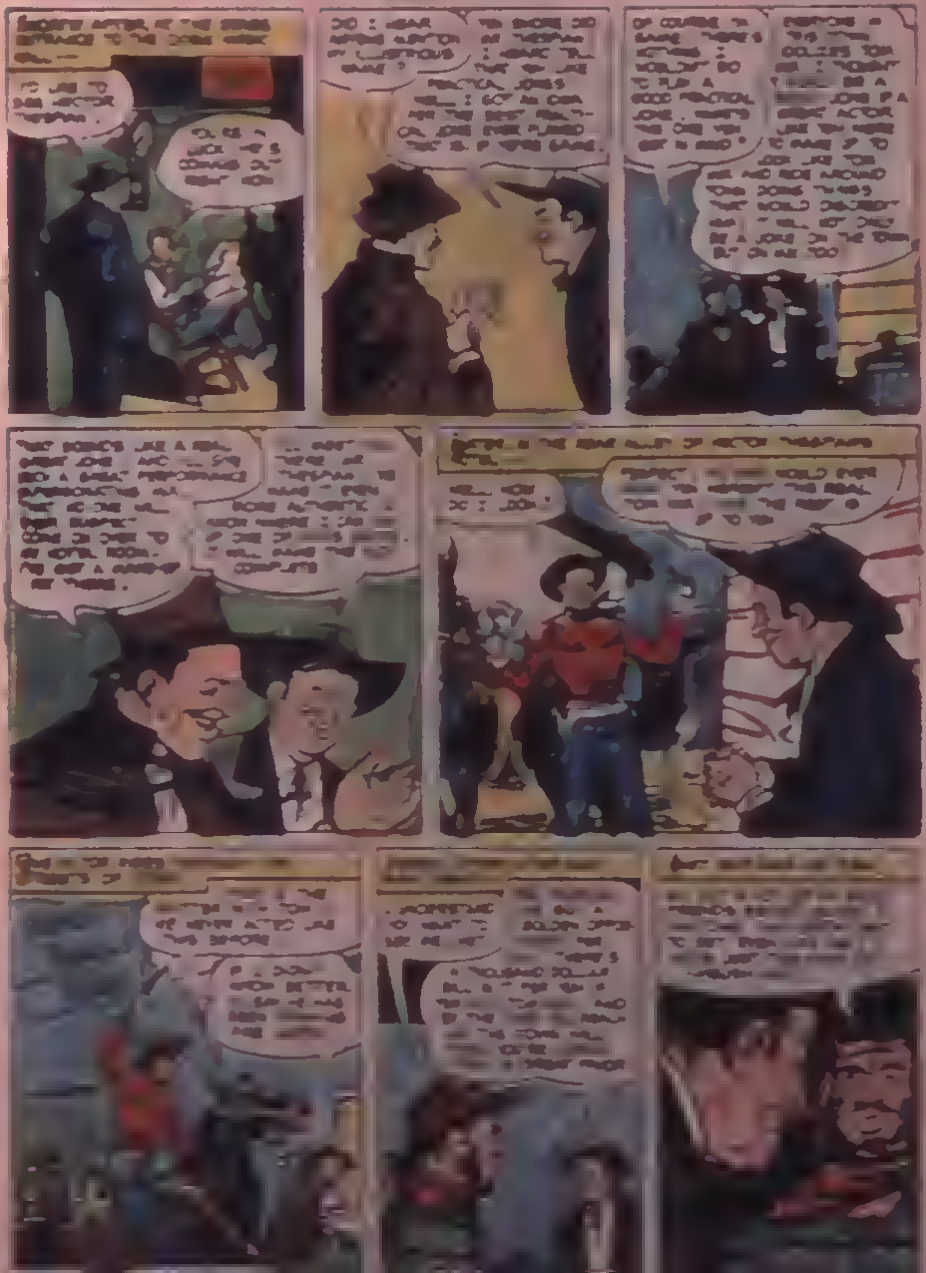
"Was [illegible]—oh—down by [illegible]

GO "MAG" about [illegible] and [illegible] all [illegible] and [illegible] on [illegible] were [illegible] aluminum [illegible] course. [illegible]

Follow the adventures of [illegible] in [illegible]

Dizzy DAISY
MINCE MEAT..
A NICE TENDER YOUNG MINCE!
muscle hedd

TOM MIX
CLAP



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SPLASH

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BANG
BANG
BANG

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